The Sun.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1887.

Subscription by Mail—Post-paid.

DAILY, Per Month	$0 56
DAILY, Per Year	6 00
SUNDAY, Per Year	1 50
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year	7 00
WEEKLY, Per Year	1 00

Postage to Foreign Countries added.

THE SUN, New York City.

Advertising Rates.

DAILY AND SUNDAY, 40 cents a line, ordinary advertising; large type, 80 cents; and preferred positions, 56 cents to $2.50, according to classification.

WEEKLY, 50 cents a line; no extra charge for large type. Preferred positions from 75 cents to $2.

To-night's Reception to the Delegates from Ireland.

We trust that the meeting in the Cooper Union to-night will, by its magnitude and ardor, fitly indicate the feelings with which all right-minded men view the attempt to govern Ireland by the jail and the gag. Let the guests of the evening, Mr. ARTHUR O'CONNOR and Sir THOMAS GRATTAN ESMONDE, learn from the warmth of their reception how false are the reports concocted for the Tory market, and which accuse Irish-Americans of apathy, dissensions, and declining faith. Let them see that they have come to the right place at the right time, and let them send home the message of cheer and reassurance that the friendship of America is never more zealous and unflinching than in the hour of trial and of need.

We should convince the representatives of afflicted but undaunted Ireland that our own faith in their recovery of the home rule that GRATTAN won has never wavered; and that, far from deeming Mr. PARNELL'S constitutional campaign a failure, we believe it to be upon the verge of a sweeping and resplendent victory. It should be made unmistakable to Mr. PARNELL'S lieutenants, now on a visit to this country, that this is the unanimous conviction of all Americans keen-eyed enough to read the signs of the times, and appreciate the new and startling features of the present situation in Great Britain. It should be made manifest that no Irish-American who is at once a wise man and a patriot, is in favor of discarding in the heat of the last battle those lawful and honorable weapons by which Englishmen themselves are daily won over to the cause of liberty and justice.

Let us show Mr. O'CONNOR and Sir GRATTAN ESMONDE—and nothing we could say or do would inspire them with more hope and confidence—that all clear-sighted men among us agree with Mr. PATRICK FORD in recognizing that there are "two Englands" now. There is the old Irish-hating England, represented by a short-lived Unionist majority in Parliament, and there is the new Irish-loving England of the powerful minority, which with every bye-election is striding toward political supremacy. It is because they see on all hands the proofs of a benignant revolution in English opinion, that Irish-Americans—no matter to what pitch of natural resentment they are wrought by the England of SALISBURY and BALFOUR—have made up their minds to do no act that could grieve and alienate, could silence and paralyze, the England of GLADSTONE.

Another thing which will be made clear to our Irish visitors is the determination of their well-wishers in this country to furnish something more than lip service at this crisis of a people's fate. The men who have made such splendid use of the bounty of America are not to be denied it now. The men who have twice swept five-sixths of all the seats allotted to Ireland—the men who can point besides, even in the present Parliament, to two hundred British allies, massed in iron ranks around the standard of England's greatest orator and statesman—need neither dread repulse at home, nor fear desertion on this side of the Atlantic.

Mitkiewicz and His Concessions.

How the so-called Count MITKIEWICZ could have obtained admission to the Viceroy LI HUNG CHANG, and what are the real facts in regard to the alleged concession which he pretends to have obtained from the Chinese Government, are questions of considerable interest and importance.

It is now known that by means more curious than correct, he obtained and took with him to China a letter of introduction from the Chinese Minister, and was accompanied by a member of the Chinese Legation at Washington. He claims besides, or it is claimed for him, that he carried a letter of introduction or a general circular letter, from the President, but we are quite certain that no such letter can have been given to MITKIEWICZ or any of his associates, either by the President or by the State Department or any officer thereof; and if any such letter was exhibited in China, as we are told by persons who could not well be mistaken, was done, it was wholly or in part a forgery. No one who has followed the career of the impostor in the newspapers of the day, or has seen his picture in the *Police Gazette* of Feb. 28, 1880, will question the statement we make in regard to his credentials, or doubt the identity of the man.

Be this as it may, the credentials, whether real or bogus, were sufficient to secure at Tientsin a hearing for him and his associates. They asked at first for an exclusive concession to manufacture and use the Turnbull Long Distance Telephone throughout the empire; and after some negotiations they secured permission covering the treaty ports only. But, inasmuch as telephones are already in use there, and the Chinese do not take kindly to such innovations, the concession would be of little value, even if it were not rendered void by the circumstance that the treaty ports are not under Chinese jurisdiction, but are governed exclusively by municipal authorities deriving their control from the Consuls of the treaty powers.

This business having been arranged, the shifty Count turned his attention to higher matters. Of course, he represented himself as the agent of a powerful syndicate controlling untold millions of American silver dollars, which, contrary to the common opinion in China, he declared could be had at a lower rate of interest than is now current in the markets of the world. It is not strange, therefore, that he found willing and attentive listeners. After much discussion, in which an international or amalgamated Chinese and American bank was proposed, the Viceroy, with the sanction of the Peking authorities, caused twelve articles or "statutes" to be drawn up as a basis for negotiations, and gave MITKIEWICZ and his associates six months in which to see what they could do under them toward raising the capital for the bank. But no concession has been made nor has any contract been signed with MITKIEWICZ, except that regarding the telephone. He simply has permission to see what he and his associates can do under the terms of the statutes; and even if he should by any possibility form an open or a blind pool to furnish the money, which is not at all likely, it could not be received unless the Chinese Minister at Washington should approve the entire business. The statutes have not yet been exhibited, so far as we can learn, to any person outside the ring who have been falsely representing them as constituting "a concession of extraordinary value." Neither have they been signed by the Empress nor sealed by an imperial seal, as has been repeatedly published; and hence it is hardly necessary to consider them here further than to say that we have reason to believe that the terms and conditions are such that no syndicate of respectable bankers in America or elsewhere would be at all likely to subscribe for the capital of the proposed bank, even if the entire affair had not been already discredited by the unsavory character of the impostor who with such a blare of brazen trumpets has brought it to the notice of the world.

An interesting circumstance is that all of the expenses of the MITKIEWICZ "mission" to China and back, including those of the Chinese Secretary of Legation and of the Commissioners to this country, have, it is plausibly stated, been paid by the subscribers to the telephone venture. But that fund, which was but small at first, has been already exhausted by the magnificence of the pretended Count, and the hat has been passed around for additional subscriptions, as might readily be supposed with but little success. It is also said and believed in Philadelphia that the syndicate are tired of the Count, and are trying to get rid of him; but he is greedy, and, it is reported, demands a million dollars for his share; and this sum his associates are of course not ready to pay. It is also worthy of note that no one in China, either foreign or native, up to the time the last steamer sailed from Shanghai with mails for America, seems to have suspected him or any of his associates of being anything else than what they represented themselves to be; but it is evident from our advices that a good deal of excitement followed the announcement that MITKIEWICZ had secured the concession for a bank. The foreign Ministers at Peking have already made such a racket about the ears of the Prince and Ministers of the Foreign Office that they may force the Viceroy LI to withdraw all authority and explode the whole scheme. If they have not yet been successful, they certainly will be when they receive the American newspapers containing the descriptive list, life and adventures, together with the *Police Gazette* picture of the so-called Count EUGENE STANISLAW KOSTKA DE MITKIEWICZ.

There is only one thing in his career for which he should be thanked, and that is that in his exultation over his own wonderful abilities, he made haste to announce upon his arrival at San Francisco that his success had been gained without the help or even the knowledge of Col. DENBY, our Minister at Peking; and, strangely enough, there is good reason for believing that for once in his life he told the simple truth.

We may have more to say about this curious matter at another time. Meanwhile the Chinese Minister at Washington cannot too promptly advise his Government to get out of its scrape with MITKIEWICZ as best it can, and as soon as possible. It is much to be regretted of all accounts that he and his associates were ever permitted to become mixed up with an enterprise which, if properly managed, might be of the greatest importance and benefit to both countries.

The Crow Troubles.

The disturbances at the Crow agency in Montana furnish another illustration of the need of revising the reservation system and bringing the tribes under better control.

Northern Montana is largely occupied by extensive reservations, inhabited by comparatively few Indians, who can easily break away upon thieving expeditions without giving any indication of their absence until their hostilities have begun. The Blackfeet, Piegans, Gros Ventres, Assiniboines, and River Crows occupy 21,651,200 acres in Montana, which is at least 10,000,000 acres more, according to the Indian Bureau, than they can possibly need. The Indians reporting to the Fort Peck, Fort Belknap, and Blackfeet agencies, including the Bloods and sundry Sioux, besides the tribes already mentioned, have more than 30,000 square miles on which to roam about. The Crow reservation in Montana, which is constantly encroached upon by settlers, contains over 5,000,000 acres of the finest land in the country, owned by about 3,000 Indians. If half a million acres were allotted to them in severalty, it has been calculated that in that case it would be safe for the Government to pay the Crows $6,000,000 for their surplus land, since some of it is already worth $8 an acre.

The Crows already have several hundred farms on their reservation, and work hard at irrigating them, having last year cut a series of ditches estimated to cost $50,000. But from their comparatively small numbers they could only use a small fraction of their fine grazing land; and as it is destitute of game, they practically now have no use of it whatever. Meanwhile it is greatly desired by the white herders, some of whom may trespass upon the lands thus suffered to go to waste.

Some of the tribes in northern Montana are bitterly hostile to each other. Years have elapsed since any serious aggressions against white settlers have occurred in that region, but not a summer goes by without their raiding upon each other. The Crows and Piegans are old enemies. The Bloods, Blackfeet, three or four different bands of Sioux, and other Indians are also at odds. As the Canadian boundary is an artificial line, cutting between the traditional haunts of the Indians of the same or of allied tribes, raiding back and forth across the border is also not uncommon. Last year the Piegans and Crows had several affrays, resulting from stealing each other's horses. The Piegans attacked the Crow settlement on Pryor Creek and also stole horses from the Crows within a mile of Fort Custer. During August of the present year they prepared another raid upon the Crows south of the Yellowstone, which was only foiled by Agent BALDWIN'S arrest of the whole party by means of his force of Indian police. Now the situation is reversed, the Crows having returned from a successful raid against the Piegans, in which they captured or recaptured about sixty horses. The immediate trouble seems to have arisen out of the attempt of their agent, Mr. WILLIAMSON, to arrest the war party for horse stealing while they were engaged in a dance of triumph. Their indignation vented itself in riddling the agency building with bullets.

Perhaps the investigations conducted by the officers who, at the agent's call, promptly appeared from Fort Custer with troops, or by the Indian Bureau, may disclose other reasons for the conduct of the Indians. Agent WILLIAMSON was accused, only a few months ago, of being concerned in the occupation of Crow lands by several firms of cattle men. But for the present, the chief practical difficulty seems to have been that of keeping control over the Indians, since they can escape to prosecute their feuds and horse-stealing raids with impunity. The Crow reservation is one of those on which the advocates of the Severalty bill passed by the last Congress have been most desirous to try its operation; and perhaps the present troubles will hasten that experiment.

None of His Business.

One by one the political clubs composed of Government officials at Washington protest against the extraordinary pastoral of "Bishop" OBERLY against such organizations. They would be a timid and unmanly crew if they did not stand up for themselves as American citizens, and insist that they have the same right as other men to form clubs, political or social. It is a matter of some importance if a Civil Service Commissioner has the power to suppress an association of Government clerks as arbitrarily as the SALISBURY Ministry tries to suppress the National League. The *Baltimore Sun* avers that Mr. OBERLY showed his letter to Col. LAMONT and asked that the President should read it:

"It may be presumed that the President endorsed the views of the Civil Service Commissioner, or the letter would not have appeared in print. Those who do not obey its dictates, one of the department officials stated, can be removed for offensive partisanship."

Would Mr. CLEVELAND consider it offensive partisanship for a member of one of these State associations to go home and vote, well, say for GROVER CLEVELAND? Probably not. Yet that would be an act of as offensive partisanship as to belong to the associations, one of whose main purposes is to bring out the votes of their members. But what business is it of Mr. OBERLY or of Mr. CLEVELAND what are the objects or who are the members of the clubs which Government clerks may choose to join? What gives the Bishop or the President the right to act as censors and inquisitors of private matters? What authority or justification can be found for punishing a Democratic officeholder for belonging to a Democratic club? It is none of Mr. CLEVELAND'S or of Mr. OBERLY'S business to what clubs Government employees belong.

Mr. CLEVELAND should study the subject in the light of his executive order of July 14, 1886, and try to arrive at a more "correct appreciation of the relation between the people and those intrusted with official place, and a consideration of the necessity, under our form of government, of political action free from official coercion." And Bishop OBERLY should be required to stop his attempted official coercion of the Democratic associations.

Two Candidates.

Between the chief candidate for the Republican nomination to the Presidency and the Administration candidate for the Democratic nomination to the same office there is a marked difference of attitude.

Mr. BLAINE, although still enthusiastically supported by his party, does not care for the nomination unless it shall appear that he can be elected or has a good chance of election. If it shall seem that he cannot be elected and that some other Republican can command a larger vote, Mr. BLAINE will not press his claims. He recognizes that he has been highly honored by his party already, and is willing to stand aside if the good of the party requires that the nomination should be given to another man. Such, at least, is the prevailing report of his feeling on the subject.

The Administration candidate for the Democratic nomination is less easily satisfied. The fact that his nomination means the defeat of his party, which his Administration has already done much to discourage and disorganize, has no weight with him. His solid convictions of the inadvisability and even danger of a President's seeking another term were melted long ago in the heat of his ambition. No matter how many votes his second candidacy would repel, no matter what elements of opposition, almost fatal to his first, still remain unreconciled, he is bent upon becoming a candidate again.

Of course the pretence, for it can hardly be self-delusion, is that the good of the party requires it. If defeat is for the good of the party, he may be right.

Mr. CLEVELAND delivered his Tall Sycamore speech on the banks of the classic Wabash on Saturday. On Sunday the Tall Sycamore's son, the Hon. CHARLES S. VOORHEES, Delegate in Congress from Washington Territory, arrived in Indianapolis, and, immediately after registering at a hotel, communicated to a reporter of the *Sentinel* his profound conviction that the strongest Democratic candidate for President next year would be Governor HILL, with an Indiana man for Vice-President. This is the first fruit of the oratorical cultivation of the bounding West.

What, not WILLIAM R. GRACE for Governor in 1889?

Well, we fear not. It might not work well.

"The Delaware statesman," says the Cincinnati *Enquirer* of Mr. BAYARD, "made an impression as a United States Senator that he has not maintained in executive position."

This is very true, but it should not be forgotten that in the Senate Mr. BAYARD acted upon his own ideas and his own judgment, while in the State Department he has had to act upon the ideas and the judgment of Mr. CLEVELAND.

The Rev. S. M. HEGEMAN, President of the Contemporary Club of Brooklyn and "author of the official poem for the BARTHOLDI statue," read a poem called "Alone" and dedicated to the memory of HENRY WARD BEECHER before his esteemed Contemporaries last night. It may be called a symphony in POE minor. Here is a purple passage:

"Laid my ear against the locket, with the sea-shell in its socket,
Pining through its purple pocket, listened, sighed,
'Ione,' 'Ione!'"

And here is a powerful invocation, with a deep, veiled, and mysterious reference to tailoring or dressmaking. We must confess our inability to understand what is meant by shroud-dropped stitches, or why statues should have stitches:

"Start, ye statues from their niches, start from out your shroud-dropped stitches."

But we appreciate the pernicious activity of a pinion which can rave, crouch, and fawn:

"Rave, O, rave, thou rushing pinion, soon thou'lt crouch a fawning minion."

There is nothing about Mr. BEECHER in the poem. On the whole, we should advise Mr. HEGEMAN, who is a worthy and useful clergyman, to let the Muses "Alone."

How mysterious are the ways of Providence! Here is FRED GRANT with a sore throat and GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN not suffering in the least.

It is gratifying to notice that Harvard College, in spite of its modern improvements, is still a reverent student of old Roman and Greek life. It is announced that some of its undergraduates have made up a purse of $1,000, for which Mr. JOHNNY MURPHY and the gentleman who conceals the respectable name of WEIR under the ring name of the "Belfast Spider" are to fight to a finish. This deep interest in the exploits of the heroes of "the manennobling gymnasium" shows Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS'S notice to quit to Latin and Greek has not been executed.

The Intervals Too Short.

From the Baltimore American.

Gov. Richardson of South Carolina complains that while in Philadelphia he was much annoyed by being greeted with the old chestnut: "What did the Governor of North Carolina say to you just now?"

NEW YORK POLITICS,

As Reported by a Great Indiana Journalist in Washington.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 30.—Mr. Scott Ray of Indiana, editor of the *Shelbyville Democrat*, was at the Ebbitt House this evening, where, in company with a party of Indiana friends, he was giving an account of his trip to New York. It would appear that Mr. Ray was very handsomely entertained while in New York, as his advocacy of Gov. Hill had made for him many friends. He says that he met Gov. Hill for the first time at the Hoffman House last Saturday, where, in the private rooms of the Governor, he received a generous welcome, and afterward rode with him to the depot. Speaking of Gov. Hill, Mr. Ray says:

"He is a peerless official, one of the brightest, ablest, most sagacious, and most charming Governors New York has ever produced." When in his society he makes one feel perfectly at home, easy, and graceful, and one is charmed while conversing with him. Gov. Hill, he says, is a modest man, one who declines to obtrude his views, and rather waits to be drawn out, a splendid listener, and quite anxious to learn the views of others.

Mr. Ray gave him a good account of the Democratic friendship for him in Indiana. He says that he told Gov. Hill that the impression existed, however, that he had formed an alliance with Cleveland, and hence that his friends everywhere became quiet and passive, waiting for developments. He told Gov. Hill that such reports, if untrue, should be corrected, as his friends did not care to wage a hopeless contest or attempt to fight a battle already lost. Gov. Hill listened closely, and was quite guarded in all his expressions, as he is a man who never talks much to reporters, and weighs his words carefully before utterance.

The representative of the *Enquirer* pressed Mr. Ray hard to get from him what Gov. Hill said in answer to all he had told him, but the task, in many important particulars, was a fruitless one, as the Indiana editor was inclined to regard much that the Governor said as confidential.

But the *Enquirer* representative feels confident in making the statement that no alliance has been formed between Gov. Hill and President Cleveland, and that none can be or will be formed, as far as Gov. Hill is concerned.

Mr. Ray says that Gov. Hill is no quitter, and that if he ever enters the Presidential race he will be there to stay; and no promises or sweet invitations to visit Washington will be strong enough to drive him from the track. Gov. Hill, he says, is possessed of staying qualities of a lasting order, and when the time comes, if the Governor is thought to be available, his friends will not hesitate to speak out.

At this time, however, all is chaos in New York, and people must wait to see how the cat proposes to jump in that important and pivotal State. Mr. Ray says that Gov. Hill is not the man to deceive or betray his friends; that his impression of him led him to believe that the Governor was quite serious and perplexed concerning the political complications in New York, and that the outcome of this fall is of a very doubtful character.

Mr. Ray says that Gov. Hill made many inquiries concerning Indiana, her prosperity, and her public men, and inquired especially in regard to Senator Voorhees, for whom he entertains a very high regard, and spoke of the *Enquirer* as one of the greatest newspapers in the country, and one he always read.

The Shelbyville journalist says that Gov. Hill is very strong with the laboring people of New York, and that after the fall election many of them will demand his nomination; and that the wise thing for the party to do will be to take him up, as it will be shown that President Cleveland cannot get that vote without which New York will be lost to the Democracy. Gov. Hill, he is satisfied, can get every Democratic vote, besides a big majority of the Labor vote. Mr. Ray says that Gov. Hill is a great reader of the newspapers, and that when he left him, as the Governor got aboard the train bound for Albany, he had under his arm all of the New York papers, and when Mr. Ray handed him the *Enquirer* containing a rather warm interview his collection was complete.

The Indiana editor attended the Saratoga Convention, and says it was tame except as shown in the committee, where a big fight was made on the civil service plank in the platform; that the Convention, as a matter of fact, was largely anti-civil service, as the outbursts of applause partly indicated when the tail end of the resolution on that subject was read, which was intended to be a slap at that monstrous fraud. He says he had a talk at Saratoga with Gen. Spinola, who damned the civil service policy of the President, and was one who advocated a strong condemnation of that part of the Administration. He says when the resolutions endorsing Gov. Hill and President Cleveland were read the applause that greeted the name of the former was only equalled by the great cheering and scene enacted at Chicago in 1884, when the name of Hendricks was presented to the Convention. That which greeted the President was strong, but lacked volume.

He says the impression has gone out over the country that the Administration achieved a signal victory at Saratoga in the ticket nominated and in the selection of the State Committee, which hold for the next year. Mr. Ray says it is true that the State Committee chosen is a Cleveland committee, but denies that it was a victory over the friends of Gov. Hill. He says that the friends of the Governor made no real effort to capture the organization, as they did not want it. The fact was that the friends of the Administration thought that the friends of Gov. Hill wanted to control the committee, so as to advance the interests of the latter next year for the Presidency, but the reverse is the truth regarding that affair.

President Cleveland lives in New York. He is expected to carry the State in November, and, being a candidate for renomination, it is important for him that he have a committee of his own to conduct his campaign. They should be his known and recognized friends. Mr. Ray says that if New York goes Republican this fall, it will not be Gov. Hill who is found among the ruins, but Grover Cleveland.

Free Trade and the Democratic Platform of 1888.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 2.—Another whisper is that Wm. R. Morrison will resign from the Inter-State Commerce Commission early next spring. He wants to strike the shackles of office from himself before the party business of the Presidential year begins. He wants to go as a delegate to the Democratic National Convention, and be free, no doubt, to support Mr. Cleveland for renomination. Besides that, he wants to slash about in the Convention on the tariff question, and he will probably aim to be a member of the Committee on Resolutions. Mr. Morrison has always been able to make a good deal of commotion on the tariff question in the national councils and in Congress.

Foraker Still Criticising the President.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

In his speech Gov. Foraker said Cleveland had courage enough to stay at home from the war and send a substitute; to veto pensions of soldiers; he had courage to quail like a whipped spaniel before the uprising over the rebel flag order.

A spectator asked about the Philadelphia affair. Gov. Foraker said he would not talk about that more than to say that the courage exhibited there was like the man who sent his wife in advance to rout the burglars, saying no one would hurt a woman. The actions of Cleveland at Gettysburg were then sharply referred to, especially the reply of the Chief Executive when asked to say a few words to the people, which was: "I have nothing to say, only I want lunch."

A Too Uncharitable View.

From the Boston Record.

THE SUN points out that Horace White, the easily shocked editor of the sensitive New York *Evening Post*, took $745 lobby fee from the Pacific railroads. We have so far failed to notice any proper diatribe on this matter from the *Evening Post*. How it would jump on a Republican correspondent at Washington for doing what its editor did, and which he denied in print so recently as July 11. But he was not on oath then, and he was on Tuesday when he admitted it.

Another Victim Wanted.

From the Buffalo Courier.

The Thistle has gone to meet the Cambria, the Livonia, the Countess of Dufferin, the Atalanta, the Genesta, and the Galatea. Fetch on the next victim.

MISS ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND ON AFFAIRS OF THE HEART.

The Sentimental Man or Woman is the Best Equipped in Life.

From the Boston Journal.

I am convinced that the popular verdict is in this case not the correct one, and if these lines have an object, that object lies in the direction of a contribution toward an effort to show that the truly sentimental man or woman has the best preparation toward the practical affairs of life.

As usual, philology is at fault. The word sentimental has suffered as much deflection from its simple, real meaning as has the word practical. The latter has come to stand for things real, the former for things unreal; or if more liberal minds deny the strict truth of this designation they will scarcely attempt to reject a modification of it by which it is claimed that to follow the practical affairs of life is to follow the things which are certainly and surely the remunerative things of life, the things about which we actually know, and whose value is real because it is in things seen and proven. While to follow things sentimental is to pursue a shadow, or at least a thing which, if attained, does not respond to the demands of a busy and effective human career.

Nothing could be further from the logic of human experience. Every achievement has its beginning in the mind. The Buddhists were right. All reality is in the thought. Here is the root of the deed. It is the man of true sentiment only who has behind him and before him an effective human career.

A good mother was lamenting to me the other day that her daughter, a charming girl of 16, was so unpractical. As an illustration of this quality, she repeated to me the question which her daughter had put to her in all good faith and sincerity: "How does a person know when a room has been swept?" This young woman needed to apply Goethe's maxim. She needed perception. For the production of "Faust," or the sweeping a room, the same sort of practicability is required. I do not know what is going to be done with her. Her mother desires that she shall become occupied with the practical affairs of life, but I am not sure that her mother's ideas of the practical are sharp enough to strike at the root of the matter. To become truly and effectively practical one must see straight and feel right. It is a matter of pure perception and proper sentiment. When this right action of head and heart are obtained, the doing will follow, and, whether a book is to be written or a room is to be swept, the thing in hand will be properly classed among the practical affairs of life.

After this it is all a matter of preoccupation. If the preoccupation be an affair, as in the case of my absent friend, of pure sentiment, *i. e.*, an *affaire du cœur*, it will, as in her case, deserve classification among the practical affairs of life; her vast expenditure of "pure sentiment" was accompanied by a vast expenditure of pure perception, and prompt energy and good money to the infinite betterment of all concerned. Had her preoccupation been the same, but without the rightness of sentiment and purity of perception, this affection of hers would have resulted in a mere waste of feeling and time, and would deserve classification among those wretched so-called *affaires du cœur* which can never arrive at the dignity of the practical affairs of life.

The mother of the unpractical young girl says, and not without a degree of satisfaction, that her daughter (who cannot understand how a person can know when a room has been swept) is "all for books." Very well. That is her preoccupation. Now, if to this preoccupation she brings right sentiment and pure perception, her preoccupation with books will result practically. If she has these she will know the difference between clean and unclean in the carpet of a room or the character of a book. But I greatly fear that healthy sentiment and clear perception are not at present backed by any sense of personal responsibility in this young girl's mind; and if so, she has a great deal to learn before the things which concern her can be said to belong to the practical affairs of life.

The root of all this which grows into a busy and effective human career lies in the sense of duty which develops perception and sentiment into action, which determines preoccupation, and which brings out of all a performance which can be truly classed as among the practical affairs of life. Let this be the possession of the young girl and she will become a practical woman; let it be the possession of the man of affairs and he will be a practical statesman; let it be the possession of a literary man and he will become a practical author.

ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND.

THE CYCLOPEDIA SPEECH.

Various Views of Mr. Cleveland's Plagiarism of His Phrases as Well as Facts.

From the Albany Express.

THE SUN has been cruel enough to compare President Cleveland's Indiana speeches, or the local portions of them, with the American Cyclopedia, and apparently makes out a clear case of plagiarism. We call this cruel business, because we all know that Grover Cleveland is not blessed with that felicity of speech and fecundity of information which distinguished men like Horace Greeley, James A. Garfield, and James G. Blaine. He certainly could not have gone to a better source of supply than the American Cyclopedia, and speeches he must make. If the President was as familiar with the growth and history of this glorious country as he ought to be, it would be another matter, but THE SUN knows he is not. For ourselves, we believe in giving the Chief Executive of the nation a chance; and he may yet find it necessary to make up his speeches with quotations from Webster's dictionary.

From the Philadelphia Times.

What is the purpose of a cyclopædia if not to supply just such information as Mr. Cleveland was in need of? Unquestionably Mr. Cleveland might have mentioned in his speech the particular source of his statistical information, thus joining his name to those of the many distinguished persons who have certified to its usefulness. But in the haste of travel and the pressure of numerous speeches it may well be that this acknowledgment was overlooked, or perhaps only postponed for a more convenient season.

From the Utica Herald.

THE SUN may seem cruel in calling attention to the fact that President Cleveland's local history speeches in the West are recitations from the American Cyclopedia. But the editor of THE SUN is editor of that cyclopædia, and he has a right to complain that his compositions are taken by Mr. Cleveland without credit.

From the New York World.

What is a cyclopædia for except to furnish information that people have not store room for in their heads?

From the Baltimore American.

It is the refinement of cruelty on the part of THE SUN to show by alternate quotations the source of President Cleveland's Indianapolis speech. None but the Mugwumps have ever accused him of brilliancy, and to convict him thus early on his circuit of stealing his addresses is most unfeeling.

From the Philadelphia Record.

THE SUN professes to have discovered that President Cleveland got from a cyclopædia the facts about Indianapolis and Terre Haute used in his speeches at those two cities. If the editor of THE SUN had been the speaker he would probably have evolved his facts, as the German philosopher did the camel, from his inner consciousness.

From the New York Tribune.

It won't do for Mr. Cleveland to plead that he didn't know the Cyclopedia was loaded.

From the Philadelphia Press.

THE SUN should commend and not condemn President Cleveland because he has seen fit to go to the encyclopædia to get speeches to make on his great swing around the circle. Between the encyclopædias and the census reports he may get a great deal of useful information—more useful to him than to any one else. He ought, however, to be carefully advised against relying upon the census returns of population made in 1880. Nearly all the Western and Southern cities have grown largely since then, and they would quickly resent any statement of their population based upon seven-year-old reports. But we assume that Mr. Cleveland is safe enough in relying upon the information in the encyclopædia that Indianapolis was incorporated in such and such a year and that Terre Haute is a name which indicates the beautiful and commanding location of the town. The people of these cities would have known all this just the same if the President had not gone all the way out there in three special parlor cars, but in scattering these pearls of originality along the way he is doing no harm.

From the New York Star.

Mr. Cleveland is travelling among strangers. He is a plain-spoken man, and seeks neither to magnetize nor to confuse his hearers with oratory.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

Mr. Cleveland has provided against any trouble by having his "offhand" speeches prepared in advance and printed in the Government Printing Office. The one he delivered in Indianapolis has the Government stamp on it.

From the New York Evening Post.

In fact, it has, until now, been generally understood that encyclopædias were compiled for the express purpose of giving busy people the kind of information the President quoted.

From the Albany Evening Times.

President Cleveland, in his speeches to the people of Indianapolis and Terre Haute, indulged most extraordinarily in a repetition of the local histories of the two places, and we are not astonished to see THE SUN overhauling him forj it. * * * If the President were to visit Albany, and in a public speech announce that this city was 200 years old, and received its charter from Gov. Thomas Dongan, every boy in the crowd would greet him with a familiar slang expression, indicative of the weariness of his talk.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE SUN pokes fun at the President for delivering free lectures on local history to the people of the cities in which he stops, and THE SUN is right. The President should not make himself ridiculous. If he cannot speak on live topics it would be much better for him not to speak at all.

INTERESTING GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

Judge James Maguire, who has come here campaigning in the Labor cause from California, looks a little like Col. Dan Lamont, a little like Register Reilly, and a little like Tom Grady. In other words, he is a well-built man, with sympathetic eyes, a big moustache, and a shapely head. He did better than some other folks when he went to the Anti-Poverty fair the other night. By sticking close to George he got through without spending a cent, whereas Lawyer Purdy of Nassau street says it cost him $7 to walk from one end of the Garden to the other.

The new paper, the *European News*, which Mr. James Gordon Bennett is to start in Paris, is a combination of the *News* and *Galignani's Messenger*, both of which fell into Mr. Bennett's hands recently. Mr. Julius Chambers, late managing editor of the *Herald* in this city, is to be the manager of the new property, and Mr. John Henderson, long foreman of the *Herald* composing room, will have charge of the mechanical departments over there.

The Anti-Poverty folks pay $2,500 a week for the Madison Square Garden, but, in spite of that and the bad weather, they will make a good profit.

People accustomed to riding in open cars all summer almost dread the closed cars that the surface railroads trot out as soon as cool weather begins. The Third avenue in New York and the Seventh avenue in Brooklyn still run open cars, and a big contingent of their passengers hope they will continue to do so, feeling that overcoats and a chance to smoke cigars are much better than standing on a front platform and being spattered by mud.

The various "missions" of New York, particularly those on the Bowery and Capt. Williams's old precinct, have the word "Welcome" in big letters over their doors. The superintendents of the missions say that the word placed in that position is quite as necessary as the building itself. It encourages the stranger, and is as a beacon even to the faithful.

It is stated that President Bates of the Baltimore and Ohio Telegraph Company has consented to a reduction in his salary from $15,000 to $11,000 a year. This is carrying out the system of economy adopted when it became known that Robert Garrett had decided to part with his heritage.

It is curious to note the peculiar ideas of play writers on Wall street topics. The ticker in a stock broker's office is incessantly on the click from 10 in the morning until nearly 4 o'clock in the afternoon. In the play of "Henrietta" the ticker clicks only when a movement in the play demands that it should tick, even for nothing more than appearances sake. To be real, it should click, click, click, until the curtain on the act is dropped.

Mr. Henry Gilsey returned on Monday from Europe, looking about the same as when he left New York for an extended tour. He sank into his accustomed seat in the Gilsey House, and looked so thoroughly familiar to the habitues of the place that they found it difficult to realize that he had been away at all. He brought a number of presents with him, including a box of Kropp razors for Henry Strauss. Mr. Gilsey's remarks about the condition of the public streets were painful, and frequent and free. There doesn't seem to be anything muddier in the world than upper Broadway.

Col. John A. McCaull said last night as he stood in front of his theatre talking to a group of men:

"It is curious to observe how a misstatement is carried from lip to lip in upper New York when it has once been started on its rounds. Somebody said not long ago in one of the papers that Henry E. Abbey was sure to be swamped in his venture at Wallack's Theatre, because he was pursuing his old tactics of hiring everybody within reach and having them walk around the streets drawing salary without doing any actual work. Then it was discovered that there were to be only seven people in the new play, "The Mouse Trap," with which Mr. Abbey opens his season, and the company consists of twenty-one people, and the gossip was started afresh. Nobody seems to have taken the trouble to compare the figures in the case; if he had, he would probably have found that, though the new troupe is made up of magnificent material, it will probably not cost $300 a week more than the old company. For instance, Tearl's salary is a very little larger than Bellew's, Miss Coghlan's is not much larger than Annie Robe's, Piggott is not so expensive as Henley was, and Miss Leslie plays for less money, possibly, than Miss Helen Russell. Abbey knows pretty well what he is doing, and it seems to be a new illustration of the old saying, that a man may be presumed to know about as much concerning his own business as outsiders do.

The assertion of an architect recently that he had built a magnificent bowling alley in the attic of Cornelius Vanderbilt's magnificent house on Fifty-seventh street and Fifth avenue has caused the passers-by to raise their eyes to the vast and impressive roof of that structure. They try to hear the tenpins fall, despite the fact that the architect says that he has deadened the walls so that nothing can be heard, and they picture to themselves the master and mistress of a hundred millions of dollars merrily bowling their time away up among the clouds. This particular Vanderbilt mansion is more of a mystery than any of the others, although all of the exteriors are gloomy and pretentious enough to excite interest. The house covers such a large space of ground, and does it in such a manner, that nobody can tell just where it leaves off, and where Mr. Billy Hutchinson's house around in Fifty-eighth street begins.

Boston's Daring Horsewomen.

From the Boston Post.

Boston has shown of late that her women are not behind the men in their enthusiasm for out-of-door pleasures, and it is agreeable to note how much benefit as well as genuine pleasure the lady riders after the beagles in the Beverly hunts have got from the sport this fall. Some of the prettiest riding was by the young matrons. Fearless, graceful, and daring are these fine riders, and, considering how little chance the New England climate gives them, it is altogether surprising that they ride so well. The sparkle in the eye, the glow of health in the cheek, both bespeak the value of the graceful and healthful exercise. The excitement of jumping pasture bars and fences only lends an added zest to the fun. No more becoming costume is known in these days in which to set off the grace and refinement of feminine beauty than the riding habit, and a wonder it is that more beautiful women are not painted in it. Our aunts and grandmothers remember the time when it was every society lady's ambition to be painted in the graceful attitude of playing on the harp. Why not now the equestrienne portrait?

Why the Petticoat Must Go.

From Dress.

Few people seem aware how enormously a petticoat dress of any sort increases the apparent size of the hips until they have seen the same persons in a different—*i. e.*, two-legged—dress. The habit of wearing a dress which causes the duality of the form to be concealed is the true cause of all the errors and strange contortions which seem inseparable from women's dress. It completely alters the character of the figure and causes an ordinary waist to look large and clumsy. Dress a man in a woman's skirt and his waist immediately appears large out of all proportion to its height; and this result is the true cause of the compression of the waist among most European nations. Till it is removed, it is vain to argue against tight lacing. The majority of women also seem unaware how unbecoming a thing is the tight bodice, which is the stereotyped form on which their dress bodices are made. They unconsciously try to improve upon it by making imitation vests and waistcoats and falls of lace down the front. But with a loose, flapping skirt an artistic and becoming form of bodice is out of the question, for only a tight bodice can give the hourglass pinch rendered necessary by the globular form the legs assume when encased in skirts.

Culture's Latest Fad at the Hub.

From the Boston Transcript.

Bible readings in parlors will be a feature of society—diversion shall it be said?—this winter, and will take the place among some of the intellectual that Browning recitals occupied last year. Readers who may conclude from this preface that society is becoming pious will be disappointed when they learn that the new movement finds its support among the agnostics, and that the old Bible will be selected solely with the rhetorical and oratorical possibilities of its stately language in view.

Such Fun!

From the Omaha Herald.

Omaha Girl—Oh, shopping in Paris is such fun. I never laughed so much in all my life.

Friend—Why, what made it so enjoyable?

"Hearing the French shopkeepers trying to talk English."

"Oh!"

"Yes; and the queer part of it is they seemed to realize the ridiculousness of their blunders just as much as we did; they laughed themselves almost into fits over them. Wasn't it strange?"

"Did you talk English?"

"No, indeed, I talked French."